

**The scent of**

**oleander**

**Poems by c  
dean**

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Preface

**Creativity that great mystery originality**

**what may that be a new way to see**

**fromst where inspiration fromst books or**

**fertile company or drugs elation or high on**

**ecstasy were the muse commeth for me in**

**the zone fromst lacquer prints the path was**

**shown images fromst pictures of the**

**floating world inspirations fromst**

**inspirations with the brevity and**

**suggestions fromst only of these only**

**impressions of originality yet**

**stirred not √ fromst the languid**

**indifference of √ ast √ sipping oleander**

**scented vanilla pink cream**

**thought √**

**fromst the dropping shit of larks on  
the wing phosphorescing tinsel-like  
circles of circles in circles of orange  
fire rippling o'er the surface of a  
pastel pink water silk pond stirred  
not ♪ fromst the languid indifference  
of ♪ ast ♪ sipping pink vanilla  
cream soaked with oleander petals  
gazed at an orange sun like an  
impasto eye dabbed on the lilac sky  
like a glittering brocatel thru the  
misty fumes of pink wafting fromst  
the breath of ♪ looked ♪ beyond the**

**crystalline Primum Mobil into the  
 caelum ipsum beyond the void beyond  
 time along the curve of a rainbow  
 walked ♪ singing in my rhyme with  
 the rhythms of the words of ♪  
 measured by the stop of my breaths  
 halibments of beauty the words of ♪  
 flowed into the breezes that kissed  
 the fields of oleander that caresses  
 the flesh of ♪ the world all color  
 all imaginations all illusions or the  
 real or the real all illusions ast  
 sayeth Goethe**

“...there is no truth nothing truly  
 existent for you except what your  
 fertile mind gives”

**o'er all like water color wash light  
 sweet as amaranthine velvets the  
 scents as soft as nectar satins  
 the auricular vibrations of the  
 tongue of J agitating the air like  
 ripples upon silk till as sayeth**

**Mark Twain**

“Nothing exists; all is a dream.  
 God—man—the world—the sun, the  
 moon, the wilderness of stars—a  
 dream, all a dream; they have no  
 existence. Nothing exists save  
 empty space—and you!... And you  
 are not you—you have no body, no  
 blood, no bones, you are but a  
 thought”

**the tongues tip of ♪ coated in  
 powdered saffron in words paints  
 lemon tinted lilies and full throated  
 lilac all like coated in frost and  
 iridescent pink snow a reredos upon**

**the alter of the sky that all living  
things like ♪ too to turned to look  
to too like us two too to be  
dizzingly dazzlingly intoxicated be  
upon the strange change of the  
weavings of assonance and  
consonance into tapestries of  
mellifluous umbrageous sounds that  
melted into jeweled Moreauesque  
purple waves of aural textures  
across a Monetesque landscape of  
shifting hues to my view of tinctures  
of light variations of colors shades**



**and shadows plays o'er rippling  
movements of air that wear the  
changing vista of light everywhere  
painted scenes of light a landscape  
the thickness of the shadow a  
spiders web o'er which verses are  
of √ curlicues writ in the pinkish  
fumes of oleander soaked in pastel  
pink vanilla cream that ran off the  
tongues tip of √ to form into water  
sculpted verses in which flashed  
fires of pinkish hue in rhythms with  
the breathing stops of √ that dropped**

**thru the saffron tinted sunlight like  
colored flowers glittering like leaves  
tumbling o'er and o'er in oleander  
scented breezes that like on lacquer  
prints in pictures of the floating  
world caught the light  
on  
cunts lips glowing like spun gold  
open spread like long-sleeved dresses  
of old**

**oh how their colors melted like wax  
into the golden sun light colored like  
ripe corn**

**to flutter open wide revealing flesh  
like the pink linings of girlie fresh  
underwear with the glow of serrated  
autumns maple leafs**

**oh in that clear moon of her cunts  
hole ♪ wast bold to write in the  
dazzle of moonlight fromst  
remembrance of ♪ sweet memories  
of she the poems of ♪ but oh the  
light of that moon-like cunt didst**

**blindest ♪ that instead upon the  
 cunts lips pink of she ♪ wrote ♪  
 poems of ♪ in the ink of the sighs of  
 ♪**

**the light is pink against the golden  
 sky**

**pink against oleander blooms wet  
 with the sighs of ♪**

**the cunt hole like a pool of limpid  
 pink**

**mirroring the cunts lips like heaped  
 petals of chrysanthemums**

**upon the cunts lips cunny dew**

**shines iridescent pink**

**oh but in that cunts hole the**

**liquidity shines like the tears of ♪**

**whenst ♪ gaze under thy cunts lips**

**pink shimmering o'er thy cunts limpid**

**pool**

**dressed ♪ in pastel pink**

**embroidered with lilac**

**chrysanthemums**

**it be not upon thy luculent hole that**

**do gaze ♪ but gaze ♪ upon the**

picture painted by 𐄂 with the sighs  
 of 𐄂 upon the cunts lips of thine  
 ast look 𐄂 upon the curved arch of  
 thy cunts lips like Chinese bridges  
 see 𐄂 𐄂 floating like colored  
 flowers upon the pink waters of thy  
 cunts hole  
 under thy cunts lips lushest of  
 blooms  
 shadows lay  
 but oh all is hidden in pink mist  
 and still lay they

**pink pond under cunts lips like**

**cherry-trees petals pink**

**but**

**oh**

**no reflection of ♪ in the whole wide**

**liquidity**

**the cunts hole be edged with pink**

**lips the tint of chrysanthemums**

**drops one drip of cunny dew the hole**

**becomes a fire with golden circles of**

**circles o'er the limpid liquidity**

at the cunts pink lips saw √  
butterfly wings pink lacquered  
spotted with dew white reaching √  
swiftly fromst √ didst they hide  
they  
wrapped up fromst the sight of √  
within the porcelain pink cunts lips  
of she hear √ the rippling of light  
upon the cunts hole limpidity  
but  
oh



**those twin lambent lips like twin  
gibbous moons have cut the heart of**

**♪ too into two**

**oh if ♪ couldst catch the fluttering**

**pink lips of thy cunt like pink**

**butterfly wings wouldst then ♪**

**couldst write my love in cursive**

**script upon that luminous flesh with**

**the ripe kisses of ♪**

**brighter than fireflies o'er the cunt**

**hole of ♪ oh lover are be the words**

**of ♪ to thee**

alone when ♪ oh lover the breeze in  
the trees remind ♪ of the rippling  
waves o'er the liquidity of thy cunts  
hole fromst the sighs of ♪  
stirred not ♪ fromst the languid  
indifference of ♪ ast ♪ sipping  
oleander scented vanilla pink cream  
thought ♪  
the cunt hole of she  
a shining moon on high  
be

**the cunt hole of thee like pond**

**covered o'er with pink mist**

**the e tears of ♪ didst flow like**

**frozen light to splash at the feet of**

**♪ into a million lights like diamonds**

**bright**

**thy cunts lips float like burning**

**leaves in thy cunts pink limpid hole**

**tingling notes hear ♪**

**fromst those fluttering lips**

**tintinnabulations in pink mist**

**♪ all night in the memories of ♪ ♪  
watch thy cunts lips pink petals fall  
into thy cunts limpid hole  
even now in the pink mist that  
surround the luculent moon do see ♪  
them fall like petals frosted along  
their edge by moonlight  
an old man thinking of those cunts of  
my youth  
ast pink sleeves of girlies like pink  
cunts lips flutter in the wind**

**kohl'in al-deen the great poet of  
olden times didst write these  
words**

“oh time that destroys eats away the  
days swallows the night up into the  
abysses the void time that slayer of all  
things thee deprives | of all those  
cunts all those pulpy fleshy fruity  
cunts all those furling curling lips that  
hang like half moons like crescent  
moon like veils of pink glowing flesh

that cloak the shes thighs white like  
curtains hanging in perfumed scented  
summer breezes that | could dive into  
those purple shadowed folds more  
purple than winebearers wine filled  
bowls that | couldst swim 'neath those  
cunny waters and have the wavelets of  
those lips kiss the flesh of | that |  
couldst kiss those pulpy lips that pout  
like flowers within those watery  
opaline depths”

then reflected ♪ upon these  
incandescent words the glory of the  
cunts of all the shes forgot should  
not be in the old age of peace in  
inspirations glow have ♪ writ these  
words of all the cunts that be the  
model for me

once in midsummers sultry heat  
a sultan didst cause the cunts in the  
seraglio of he be covered with pink  
silk that so crowned wouldst cool  
his flesh fromst the cunts lips that  
flickered like golden flames

**being thirsty kissed ♪ the cunts  
pink hole but behold the face of ♪  
upon the limpid aqueousness like a  
dropped petal pink  
weary the scholar ♪ of erecting  
towers of fragile philosophies  
went ♪ to brothels to see ribald  
pornographies oh in seeing the fires  
bursting fromst girlies cunnies didst  
♪ myself hurl into those cunts  
holes and beginst to be alive**



**even the clit at the end of its tip  
taketh ♪ into my mouth even down  
to its root**

**just like man forever longing to  
swallow**

**a man wise watching the light  
flickering ripples o'er the face of the  
cunts liquidity**

**remarked**

**oh how like fireflies that slowly  
move in pink mist**

stirred not ♪ fromst the languid  
 indifference of ♪ ast ♪ sipping  
 oleander scented vanilla pink cream

thought ♪

at Matsue be a cunt like the  
 camellia tree with beauty great  
 with cunts lips pink ast vanilla  
 cream splashed with hues of cerise  
 whenst the night didst o'er lay the  
 earth in a black cloak of velvet  
 perfumes sweet fromst the cunts  
 hole of limpidity spread o'er thru  
 gardens paths and all the surrounds

**odors soft ast silk threads  
awakening people in the houses  
gloom who didst see in garden bright  
in moonlight the cunts petals  
fluttering against shoji pressed o'er  
many night the cunts its scent sent  
thru garden and rooms gloom till  
people to the cunts petals sped to  
pick each velvet curl of pinkish light  
fromst which spouted forth odors of  
exquisite delight till each petals wast  
fromst the cunt wast torn to leave a**

**cunt hole bear that quivered like an  
open wound**

**painted ♪ a picture of thy cunt upon  
the kite of ♪ and upon the blooms  
of chrysanthemums didst hang  
whenst loose ♪ its string to fly up  
to heavens sky  
people cowed will be for fear that  
like a storms cloud it will flood the  
land in its sweet cunnies limpidity  
in hast fromst the boat of ♪ coming  
didst see ♪ thee in mirror at thy**

**cunt looking thy face mirrored in the  
cunt holes aqueous liquidity  
following the falling leaves the white  
snows of winter o'er all coat in  
frost  
therefore upon thy cunts lips thy  
face puts √ in an intaglio of frost  
even thy cunts lips bend when upon it  
alights a butterfly  
is it upon thy cunts hole limpidity  
that cause the aqueousness to ripple  
like a maple leaf or dragonfly or but  
the sighs of the breaths of √**

**peached o'er thy cunts hole abyss  
a butterfly fluttering its wings  
o'er the plastered walls pink dart the  
shadows of thy cunts pink lips like  
shafts of fire blood-red tipped  
the tinglings of thy cunts lips at  
night  
intermittent  
like the temples bells  
the cunt wore a crown of petals pink  
clit like some pinkish spear glittering  
tipped  
a glowing flower lantern**

when awoke ♪  
o'er the lips of ♪ in intaglio thy  
cunts shadow  
o'er the cunt hole  
still the butterfly flies  
the dripping fromst thy cunts hole be  
like pattering of feet in the flower  
garden  
so soon wilt thee with me be  
fromst the porphyry rim of thy cunts  
hole have drunk ♪ to thy health

**the golden bells along thy cunts lips  
edge be polished fromst the lickings**

**of ♪**

**looking in thy mirroring cunts hole at**

**the face of ♪ saw ♪ the face of thee**

**in thee eyes of thee mirroring me**

**whenst the cunts lips of thee glow**

**red like leaves of the cassia-tree in**

**autumn**

**then thy moon-like cunts hole**

**limpidity flows more brightly for ♪**



**shouldst tremble ♪ at the dew**  
**falling fromst the cunts dewy lips**  
**dislodged by the tongue of ♪**  
**but did not know ♪**  
**that at night they fly upwards and**  
**upon the slopes of the Honourable**  
**Mountain spread themselves like**  
**fireflies**  
**Diagonally between the**  
**cryptomerias**  
**what took ♪ to be just the flapping**  
**of thy cunts lips be instead thy cunts**

**lips flapping in rhythm with the**  
**beatings of thy heart for ♪**  
**oh my lord**  
**under panties white like cream**  
**butterfly wings cunts lips furled of**  
**Geisha in procession pass in front**  
**of the silk panty shop of**  
**Matsuzaka-ya**  
**on the floor of the empty palanquin**  
**cunny juice pink like plume-petals**  
**constantly spreads**  
**along the Nihon Embankment to**  
**thee coming**

**darkened was the road suddenly  
by the fluttering of thy cunts lips  
throwing shadows across the moon  
a rainbow is what oh ♪ have seen in  
its shape colors duplicated in  
the butterfly wings of thy cunts  
curved slices frosted in pink  
whenst hear ♪ thy runners shouting  
"get down" "get down"  
thenst do ♪ dress the cunts lips of  
♪ with the petals of chrysanthemum  
what fell upon the open panty of ♪  
but**

**the shadow of the wings of the  
butterfly cunts lips of ♪  
it be not the bright light in thy eyes  
that dazzle the eyes of ♪  
but  
the bright outline of the lips pink of  
thy cunt floating upon the shoji  
the reprobate kohl'in al-deen  
fucked a thousand cunts  
a thousand poems one for each  
composed he  
for**

**all were worthy of memories  
preservation  
being no wind the perfume of thy  
cunt  
in the air hung along time  
and its shape be the shape of thy  
cunt  
my beloved  
draw in the air  
before thee depart for  
the morning mist be pink with thy  
cunts fumes  
oh wind blow softly**

**let no clouds be the moon covering  
that its silver light lights the  
fluttering cunts lips of thee  
since upon the back of one man a  
kago canst be carried  
let the other free be to gaze upon the  
cunts lips of she like slice of  
crescent moons flickering  
drawn about the flying moon  
no moon in the sky there be  
but  
with each step of ♪ in the sand like  
a moon thy cunt hole grows**

captivated be ♪ that the rain ♪  
 forgot against the lantern beating  
 partially covered by the cloak of ♪  
 the cunts lips to-day in agitated  
 frenzy be  
 for flown to morrow they will be  
 many miles across the sea  
 oh in politics we were pursuing  
 liberty  
 now we villains and robbers be  
 caged for days how this place to exit  
 be

**oh upon the memories of the cunts  
 lips of all our shes our minds soar  
 free here be true liberty the mind in  
 memories flight and ecstasy  
 because the moonlight o'er thy cunts  
 lips frosts the edges in a deceptive  
 pink haze  
 ♪ love it therefore**

**The moon and stars be in the sky  
 ♪n the garden of ♪ yellow moths  
 with wings colored like the cunts  
 lips of ♪ flutter about the that be**



**the cunt of *Ÿ* like a pink  
chrysanthemum**

***Although* so many years hast  
passed**

***Ÿ*et**

***The ineffable* palpitates quivering in  
the ripples within thy aqueous eyes**

***Ÿ*et**

***The numinous* shimmers upon thy  
trembling lips**

***Ÿ*et**

**stirred not √ fromst the languid  
 indifference of √ ast √ sipping  
 oleander scented vanilla pink cream**

**thought √ for**

**ast sayeth √ antier**

“when the earth falls to dust in space  
 like a withered walnut our works wont  
 even be a speck among the rest”

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